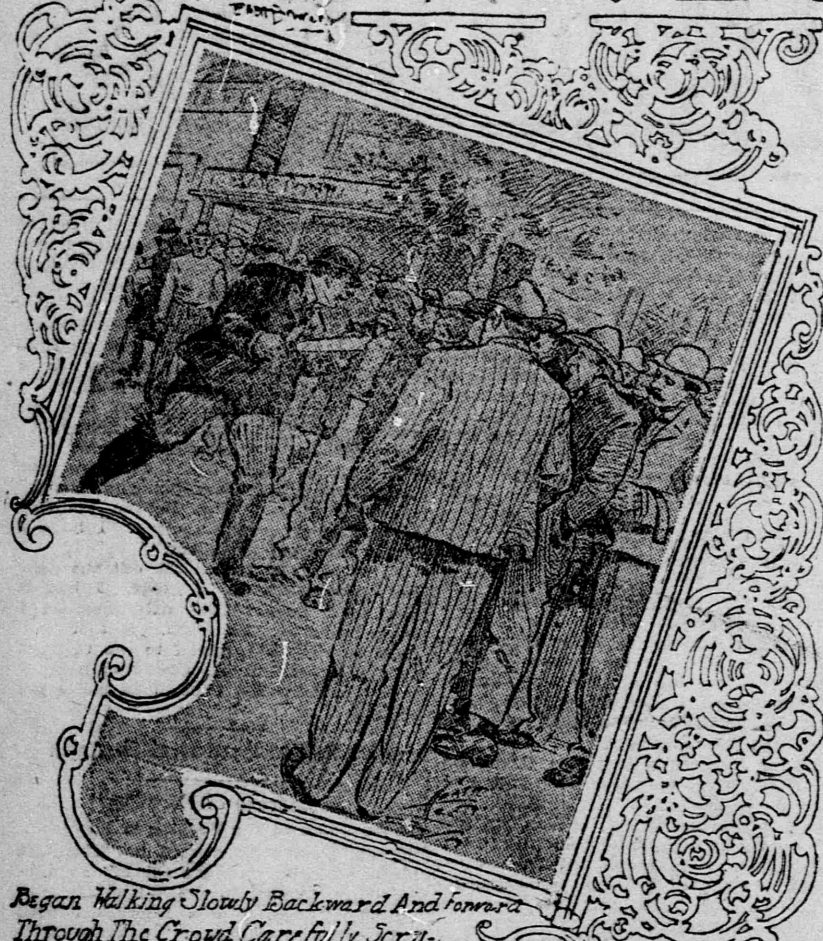


THE GIVE-AWAY GRAFT. CONTINUING A SERIES DEPICTING "HOW THE GRAFTERS DO IT"



Began Walking Slowly Backward And Forward Through The Crowd Carefully Scrutinizing Every Face.

One of the Few Bunco Games Always Up to Date.

By J. P. JOHNSTON.

(Author of "Twenty Years of Hustling," "What Happened to Johnston.")

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THE day of the old-time give-away graft apparently will never end. The first time I ever saw this game played I was eight years of age, and the last time I was fifty-two. I found it to be the same a year ago as it was forty-five years ago, except that in the latter instance the suckers were more plentiful. Perhaps the modern grafter was the more clever of the two; at any rate he was clever enough.

He would go out upon the streets in a lively carriage on a circus or county fair day, after having "fixed" the chief of police. While the driver jogged the team along the main street the grafter would stand up in the carriage, throw silver pieces and dollar bills right and left and shout at the top of his voice that he intended to distribute \$50,000 on the streets that afternoon.



Immediately Took Him From The Wagon And Forced Him To Pay Back Their Money.

As soon as a large crowd had gathered at the corner at which he stopped he began extolling the wonderful curative properties of a corn salve which was put up in wooden boxes. Had he been actually selling the remedy on its merits he couldn't have made a stronger or more effective talk.

Finally, bringing forth his big roll of money, he said: "I have a system of advertising this salve that will make every man who deals with me remember it as long as he lives. Now, gentlemen, the more liberal you are with me, the more generous I can be with you. My purpose today is, first to sell one dozen boxes of this salve, and I want every man who makes a purchase to remain right here, ready to hold up the box in plain view when I ask him to do so. Now, then, who will give me ten cents for this box? Remember, the more liberal you are with me, the more generous I can be with you, and I shall sell but one dozen boxes now. Who will give me 10 cents for this one?"

Gave Them Their Money Back.

In an instant, four dozen hands were up, each holding a 10-cent piece. After handing out twelve boxes, he refused to sell any more for the time being.

When the twelve boxes had been delivered and paid for, he lined up the twelve buyers in a row and said:

"You have been liberal with me, now I'll be generous with you." Then, turning to the first man, he asked him if he would be satisfied to receive back twice the amount he had paid, and keep the remedy, too.

When the man said he would, the grafter handed him 20 cents, saying: "Now, sir, will you promise me, either to use this salve yourself, or give it to some one who will, and not forget the name of it?"

The man agreed, and the grafter did the same thing and demanded the same promise in the case of each of the others.

"Now, gentlemen," he went on, "I am going to make up another pool for advertising purposes; but remember, none of the twelve who were in this pool can come in with the next. Don't forget, gentlemen, the more liberal you are with me, the more generous I can be with you. Now, then, here are two dozen boxes. Who will give me 25 cents for this box? Who is the first man to show me that he has confidence in me?"

In a jiffy, a hundred hands were up, each holding a quarter.

Getting More Liberal.

When two dozen had been passed out and the cash received for them, he lined up two rows of twelve men each, and, exacting from each the same promise as before, he gave back to every buyer his 25 cents and 25 cents additional, and allowed each to keep his box of salve.

By this time the crowd had increased and the excitement was intense.

"Now," said the grafter, "I am going to drive over there on the other corner, and I don't want you men who have been in the last two pools to follow me." He then ordered his driver to take him to the opposite corner, and, of course, the whole crowd, including his pool members, followed him. Again addressing the crowd, he said:

"Gentlemen, a few moments ago I formed a pool of thirty-six men across the street for the purpose of advertising my firm's famous corn salve, and although it cost me a little money, yet the amount given away is a mere bagatelle compared with what we will get as a result of this advertising."

Then opening a large valise, he produced some electric belts, and explained that he wanted to do a little advertising for them as well.

"Now, gentlemen," he continued, "I am going to form one or two, or possibly three pools on these belts for the purpose of advertising them."

He then gave an excellent and convincing talk on electric belts, and immediately proceeded as follows:

A Chance to Get \$20.

"Now, friends, I want to impress upon your minds that the more liberal you are with me, the more generous I can be with you. Who will give me \$20 for

this belt? Remember, I am going to leave it with each one of you, to pass up any amount from \$1 to \$20—no less than one, no more than twenty, and the more liberal you are with me, the more generous I can be with you." And looking straight at a well-dressed business man, he said:

"Haven't you confidence enough in me to pay me \$20 for this belt?"

"Yes, sir, I have," said the man, passing up a \$20 bill and receiving a belt.

"Now," said the grafter, "I wish you would stand right over on this side of the carriage until I ask you to hold up your belt. Now," he continued, "who will give me \$10 for this one?" and turning to one of three colored men who stood near, he said: "Have you got \$10, sir?"

"Yes, sah, I has," came the reply.

"Well, then, give it to me and take this belt," shouted the grafter, and the darky meekly did as requested.

"Now," said the grafter, "you stand on this other side of the carriage."

Then he asked for a \$5 investor, at the same time announcing that \$1 or \$2 would be accepted, and immediately a flood of \$1 and \$2 bills came pouring in.

Those who paid \$1 he lined up in one row, and the \$2 men in another, admonishing all that none should leave until he was through with them.

After the \$1 and \$2 rush, he called for another \$5 investor, still repeating: "The more liberal you are with me, the more generous I can be with you." Two men came forward, each with a \$5 bill, and then four more followed, all of whom were lined up by themselves.

All Kinds of Money.

At this juncture he began another talk on the wonderful curative properties of the belts, and then called for four more \$20 investors, whom he soon found, together with still five others, making altogether ten \$20 dupes.

Turning to the two colored men who stood looking on, he said: "Why haven't you men bought?"

"Because we haven't got no money," came the reply.

Addressing their colored comrade in the \$10 row, the grafter said: "Here, loan these men \$2 apiece," which he instantly did, and before they had time to get into line he once more turned to the old colored man and said:

"Here, loan your friends each another \$2, and hurry up before I close these pools."

As if completely under his control, the old darky handed it over, and the grafter handed each another electric belt.

By this time he was ready for more \$10 investors, and soon had at least a dozen of them. Then he wanted a larger pool of \$5 investors, and as if in

duty bound to contribute their share, several who had stood out to the last came forward.

As it now began to look as if he were closing up at least twenty men came forward with from \$1 to \$2, and were lined up where they belonged.

Suddenly the grafter, as if hearing some one in the crowd making remarks, said:

"What's that? Was that meant for me?"

Pulled Out His Knife.

And looking intently in one direction, as though greatly wrought up: "So you are going to cut out my heart, are you? Well, now, we'll see about that." Reaching in his valise, he brought out an ugly looking corn cutter, with a blade fully eighteen inches long, and carefully feeling its edge, he recited the razor poem, as follows:

"You know a gun shoots fast and loud, But a razor is the real thing in a crowd. I could have used it better than a .44. If they had only fought with razors in the war."

Then, corn cutter in hand, he coolly crawled down from the buggy, and began walking slowly through the crowd, carefully scrutinizing every face as if trying to locate the man who had threatened to take his heart's blood.

The glitter of the corn cutter, and the terrible look of vengeance on his face had the desired effect, and when he climbed back into the carriage, every man stood as if paralyzed. They seemed to have forgotten what had happened, or what was expected to happen.

Immediately the grafter signaled the driver to start, he himself remaining standing in the carriage as if terribly agitated and repeating:

"I would like to see some man cut my heart out; would just like to have him try it." At the same time feeling the edge of the big knife, as if to see that it was sufficiently sharp.

The team went off at a trot. The grafter's hotel and livery bills had been paid in advance, and no stop was made until they had reached a small town twenty miles away.

Left Them Standing There.

The grafter was \$300 or \$500 to the good. As the carriage moved away the dupes still stood in line, staring sheepishly at one another, with 16-cent belts dangling from their hands. The old darky who had been so obedient was the only man who had the courage to protest.

"See yeh," he yelled, "you generous white man, what my family gwine to do fer sumpin to eat? Gim me back ma ten dollars, or I top you buggy over, you second-rate!"

So saying, he and his two colored companions rushed toward the carriage, when an officer who stood conveniently near said:

"What you niggers loitering around here for? Go on home, or I'll run you in."

Eventually, of course, this clever grafter landed in State's prison.

A Chicago man once "made a great deal of money out of the sugar graft."

With an old horse and a covered peddler's wagon, he started out with a load of sugar, put up in tin cans, each holding \$1.30 worth at retail. The wholesale price was about \$1.25.

After remaining in some county seat long enough to "get a line on the town," he would start out and call upon the farmers of that country, with a proposition to sell one of his thirty-pound cans of white sugar for \$1.25 in cash.

He would represent that he had recently moved to their county, and that he expected to reside in the future, and would make regular thirty-day trips, enabling them to replenish their supply of sugar at the lowest possible price.

Sugar, being a staple article, and there being an actual saving of 50 cents on every purchase, he had no difficulty whatever in making a sale at the house of almost every thrifty, well-to-do farmer. Many a farmer, who wondered how this man could afford to sell sugar so much cheaper than the cheapest grocers in many instances paid for it several times over.

Oh, Never Mind! Next Time.

The graft was more like thieving than grafting. When selling a can of sugar for \$1.25, the grafter would almost invariably be handed a five, ten, or even a twenty dollar bill.

Having become very skillful in palming, he would always keep palmed in one hand a one dollar bill, nicely folded in such a way that the figures would not show on either side. Should a farmer hand him a larger bill, he would be folding it as he had the one dollar bill, and then would suddenly say:

"Well, here I am, short of change, so just let this go, and pay me on my next trip, in thirty days."

He would then shift the large bill for the one dollar bill, and handing the latter to the farmer, would say:

"Put it in your pocket and pay me next time."

There was not one chance in a thousand that the farmer would unfold the bill, but he would lay it carefully away in his purse, just as it had been handed him.

This was a graft of some magnitude. To make fifteen or twenty sales per day was not an uncommon thing, and where the proper change was given the grafter received the first cost of the goods at least, and if only a half dozen farmers were grafted in a day his ill-gotten wealth accumulated rapidly. He was very careful not to go into the county seat again during his stay in that county, and never to travel any road the second time.

To replenish his stock he would have several barrels of sugar shipped to small nearby towns.

This grafter's success through Illinois was something marvelous for a business operated without capital. After a few months he decided to try Kansas, and the second day out he was overtaken by a party of six or seven men on horseback whom he had victimized the day before, and who immediately took him from the wagon, forced him to pay back their money, and enough more to defray the cost of the trip back to his home in the county seat and landed him in jail.

COUSIN ELMER WAS NOT HAPPY.

He Decides That It Is Up to Him to Lead the Anti-Wagner Life, But Actual Contact Both Shocks and Grieves Him.

by Strickland W. Gillilan.

HAVE a Cousin Elmer who lives in the least exciting portion of Rural Indiana.

For several years prior to the present summer, Elmer had been Corraling Coin with a View to taking a Trip somewhere. Since the first Bryan Campaign he had been staying entirely too close home.

He had two trips in his mind, one of which he would take: One Scheme was to go to the Oregon Exposition and become Educated, and the other was to go to Atlantic City, cut Loose and Carry On Scandalous.

Why should he Care for Expenses? He had taken him Nine Years to Corner his Wad, so why should he feel Attached to it?

Yet, Cousin Elmer was not the sort to sling Spondulix at the Songsters unless there was a Close-Meshed Net behind each Bird, or an Elastic Cord attached to each Metallic Disc.

So, before he Buys his Ticket, he writes to Eighty-two hotel proprietors at the city by the Water of which Charley Bonaparte is soon to become Secretary, and Solicits Sealed Bids on his Two Weeks' Board.

No Graft in This.

"The Competitive Basis is the only Correct and Honest one," he Argued. "No one shall say there was any Graft in this, for I do not know of any of these Persons to whom I am Writing."

The Answers were not delayed. For Six Days Elmer had to take the Wheelbarrow with him to the Postoffice to carry Home his Mail.

Every Envelope contained a Half-Tone Picture of a large Hostelry with Porches, and People who Looked Happy sitting on them.

The Smell of the Saline Profundity was Up Elmer's Nose for Fair. But he must keep his Head long enough to Award the Contract for his Fortnight's Feed.

Going over the lot of Literature carefully, he Selected one that Read as Follows:

"Hotel de Soak: large Cool, Airy Rooms, Ocean End Heart's Desire Avenue, two Minutes from Boardwalk. Excellent Table, large, Roomy Verandas, good Service."

The reason he Selected this one was not a Purely Unselfish one, for the Proprietor, with great Confidentiality offered him Two Weeks' board, with Large, Airy Room, for \$14.

The price still Looked High to Elmer, but it was the Best he could do without being there in Person to make the deal, so he Wrote and Let the Contract.

He had Given up the Oregon Trip because some one had sent him a Book of Pictures of the Show and made it all so plain to him that he felt a Trip there would be Perfect Wastefulness.

So, after Buying Another Celluloid Collar and a Deep-Blue made-up Four-in-hands (for Elmer was a Confirmed Dude when he Struck out for the anti-Wagner life), he proceeded to pack his Canvas Telescope.

Among those Present when the Packing was Completed were One pair Socks, one suit Home-made underwear, one Fricasseed Shirt, seven Postal Cards, Both Handkerchiefs, a ten-cent Hunk of Chewing Tobacco, and enough Lunch for the Trip.

As Elmer looked at the Lot he thought of throwing out some of the Things, but Vanity Prevailed, and with a Gully Look about to see that no one Detected him in his Frivolity, he Strapped the Telescope, remarking: "Maw always said I was a Perfect Old Maid about my Things."

Elmer had no Uneasiness about the Trip, for he was Used to Traveling. Although but Twenty-Eight years old, he had been to Indianapolis Twice, and was Familiar with the Cordage.

When the Limited stopped for him at the Nearest Town he and his Clay Worsted Suit and Congress Shoes got Carefully up the Steps and Hurried to a Window, from which he could Wave at the Folks as long as Possible. Although they had Opposed his going to such an Expensive Place just for Nothing, he wouldn't Hold Spite when maybe he Might Never Return.

Took No Chances.

That Night as he Sat up in the Day Coach and slept between Stations with his Head on his Grip, he Congratulated himself that he was not one of those Reckless Fools that would Undress on a Train and Take Chances of getting caught in a Wreck in his Night Clothes.

When Morning came at Last, Elmer was Brave, but not Chipper. He did not once Forget Himself, but when he took his Baggage off the train with him to the Lunch Counter he knew the Car would stand till he got back if it wasn't more than Twenty Minutes, and he also knew before he Bought the Cup of Coffee to eat with his Lunch that it would cost him Only Ten. He was Pretty Sure when the Sassy Clerk made him take his Home-Grown Old Chicken and Doughnuts off the Lunch Counter where he had spread them, yet as he was Away from Home he only Looked Disgusted

and Said Nothing. But he Resolved that if ever that Clerk should come to Jasperburg, Indiana, he would see that there was No Place for him to Eat and that if he Ate at all it would have to be Standing.

Arriving at the City by the Sea and finding the Bus with the Name on it, he and his Baggage got in and were soon at the Place.

Cool in Winter.

After he had been Exhibited to his Room and found that he had to Hang his Grip to the Door Knob outside before he could get All of Himself inside, Elmer said again as he felt very Friendly with the Landlord:



"A friend of mine from N'York once made it in a little over two with his auto."

"How the Place has Changed since they sent me the Picture," said Elmer to himself.

On the top Step he was met by the Proprietor, who did not seem to know him, though after an Introduction he was very Cordial.

"I thought this hotel was at Ocean End," said Elmer.

"It is," said the Proprietor, "at the Pacific-Ocean End."

"I thought it had Large, Roomy Porches," said Elmer.

"You see this big group of Rooms to our Left? That was once a Porch. But since we have Built Rooms all over it, it is now a Roomy Porch."

"I thought also," said Elmer, "that this Hotel was Two Minutes from the Boardwalk."

"I must have misread my Letter. I thought it said Large, Cool, Airy Rooms."

"You are a Good-Sized man," said the Landlord, "and we have Rooms cut to fit much Smaller Persons than You. In the Winter Time the Room is Uncomfortably Cool, and Surely you didn't have to get more than your Nose in to Notice the Air. Why, that Room has been Collecting Air for Three Seasons; none of it has ever Escaped except when the Door was Open. What do you Expect for Fourteen Dollars?"

After Supper Elmer again approached the Landlord and Said:

"I have a Faint Recollection of something in Your Letter about a Good Table. But the Grub tonight was—"

Leading him out to the Deserted Dining Room, the Patient Proprietor

showed him that the Table at which he Ate was strongly-built and of Good Material, also Explaining to him that the Excellence of a Piece of Cabinet Work had nothing to do with the sort of Food that Careless Persons might Serve on it.

Worth All the Money.

So Elmer was Satisfied to Stay, because the Landlord was so Helpful. He could Sleep most anywhere, and even if he Didn't Sleep, what was the Difference? He wasn't Working. As to the Food, he Still had Quite a Lot of Provisions in his Grip. It was worth the Whole Fourteen just to Know this Man.

Next morning he Started right after Breakfast, and was down to the Boardwalk long before Noon.

It was only Four Miles. There he saw Thousands upon Thousands of People with Good Clothes walking back and forth to show their Wardrobes, while on the Sand were other Thousands and Thousands walking Back and Forth to Show what they Didn't have On. Healthy-looking Men were Wheeled along in Chairs. Elmer thought he had never seen so many Crippled Men before in his Life. He also Noticed that the Uglier the Woman the More Expensive clothes she wore on the Walk; and that the Prettier she was the Less she Wore in the Water. He remembered once hearing a Man say, in Speaking of a Girl, that he had Seen Good Deal of her at Atlantic City one Summer.

Now he Understood what the man Meant.

Elmer Blushed Steadily.

Couples with Fewer Clothes on than he wore in Bed lay around in the Sand Unashamed and Twiddled their Bare Toes in the same Sand-Pile.

Elmer's Face had been Red when he started from Home, but here he Blushed so Steadily and the Sun was so Hot that he would have Looked Like an American Beauty, only he Looked so Different that you wouldn't have thought of That Comparison.

Jacking his Courage up to the Adhering Point, he went into a Place where Bathing Suits were for Rent and Compared with the Conditions. He hated to Give Up his Watch and Pocket-Book, but at Length he Surrendered, took his little Wad of Flannel and went to a Dressing-Room. He couldn't help noticing how much Larger and More Comfortable this room was than the one he Occupied at the Hotel.

When he got-out on the Beach he said to himself, between Spasms of Shame: "I wouldn't have Luke Grimes see me Now for Forty Acres of Millet."

But there were others, and now he was Dressed like Other People, and that helped.

The Lady Looked Indignant.

After he had Frozen for about Five Minutes in the Crowded Water and his Face had Turned Purple and his Toes

Wrinkled, he Felt something Tickling one of his Knees. Stooping to Scratch it, he noticed that he felt No Sensation. But a Lady standing Close By looked Indignantly at him and Moved

away. Then he scratched his Own Knee, and it felt Different.

Back in the Bath-House, Shivering like a Scared Terrier Pup, he Struggled with his Affectionate Flannels that were Impaled on his Goose-Pimples until they Lay on the Floor. A man in the Hallway kept calling, "All wet Suits on the Outside," and Elmer Wondered if some Crazy person had been trying to Swallow some of the Clothes.

Getting into his Clay Worsted and capturing his Valuables again, he saw that it was time for him to Start back to the Hotel, if he wished to get There before Supper.

That night after he had Rubbed in the Store Windows and Watched the Giddy Mob go Past until he felt Dizzy, it Dawned upon him that he was a Hopeless Reuben miles from his Latitude and that he Didn't Belong, and he Reasoned Thus:

"I am Away out of Bounds. Once when I looked for the word Limit in the Dictionary, I found that it meant Boundary. Either it or I ought to be Changed. It's got the Start of Me. I don't know what it's All About. If a Person is as Old as he Feels, a Vacation is as Long as it Seems. I have been away from Home Twelve Years. The Landlord Sokes me at one end of the Line, and the Ocean at the Other. I'm tired of a Stiff Shirt and a Cold."

So Saying, he went and Gave the Landlord the Fourteen, walked to the Railroad Station, held his Teacup on his Cap, and Dreamed Sweetly of the Wheatfields, until the Morning train for Home.

"I wouldn't have Luke Grimes see me now for forty acres of millet."

THE TOMBS OF RUSSIAN RULERS

THE uprisings in Russia, with the many desperate attempts on the lives of the royal family, have attracted attention to the remarkable tomb where Russia's royalty is buried. Tourists who are accustomed to the magnificent monuments that adorn the tombs of Western rulers of ancient and modern times will be amazed to find that nothing but a block of plain white marble marks the spot beneath which lies an emperor or an empress, a grand duke or a grand duchess of Russia.

The last resting place of the reigning house of Russia is in the Cathedral of St. Peter and Paul, within the precincts of the gloomy fortress of St. Peter and Paul, which commands the entrance to the Neva river and the city of St. Petersburg. Indeed, those remains of the illustrious dead are not, as so many people suppose, contained in the blocks of marble in question, and the latter are therefore falsely described as sarcophagi, since they are not hollow, but a solid mass of stone.

The imperial tomb is in each case in the floor beneath the marble block, and away down below the tombs that are beneath it are dark and terrible dungeons, against the outer walls of which beat the waters of the Neva, while against the inner walls many a prisoner has during the last 200 years, and

even within the last decade, beaten out his brains in despair.

All the sovereigns of Russia since Peter the Great, with the exception of Peter II, as well as members of their families, lie buried here, the tomb of Peter the Great being near the south door. On the marble block above the tomb of the Grand Duke Constantine, who was Czarévitch, but who was forced to yield the right to succession to his younger brother, Nicholas I, there lie the keys of the fortresses of Modlin and of Zamczak, in Poland, which he captured.

War medals commemorating the Napoleonic wars at the beginning of the century lie on the marble block over the last resting place of Emperor Alexander I. A number of silver and silver gilt wreaths are deposited on the tombs of the grandfather and of the father of the present Czar, while the grave of Grand Duke George will, for some time to come, be adorned with fresh flowers. Great palm trees, lighted candles, and jeweled icons contribute to illuminate the gloom of the place, while the walls are covered with military trophies, standards, flags, and keys of captured fortresses and the battle axes taken from the Turks, the various tribes of central Asia, and from all those other nations with which Russia has waged war during the last three centuries.